

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

"It is almost a matter of certainty that, all things considered light-houses have *caused* more wrecks than they have *prevented*."—  
*Westminster Review*.

Yes, here, "aloft its hoary forehead rears"  
This "towering pride of twice a thousand years ;"  
'The work of Grecian, Roman, Arab hands,  
(Where Hunter, Sydenham wrought ; where Louis  
stands)

Above the reefs that wreck the human race  
It sheds its beacon rays —to mark the place ;  
From jagged rock and yawning quicksand-grave  
Gleaming to WARN—but impotent to SAVE !

Around this towering pile so proud and old,  
The countless wrecks of hapless men behold,  
Who, pressed by blinding storm and tossed by wave,  
Fled to the light for HELP and found—a GRAVE !  
Yet "the proud fabric in this morning's sun  
Stands all unconscious of the mischief done."

No trusty pilot, though most sore bested,  
Would this way turn, for aid, his vessel's head ;  
But, hauling off, and TAUTENING every brace,  
Prefer the winds' and ocean's worst to face,  
'To sink, if must be, or, a hulk to swim ;  
But shun, at any risk, this light-house grim !

This boastful science of two thousand years  
Which mocks men's hopes and doubles all their fears,  
'Traces their maladies with finger sure,  
Shows HOW and WHY they DIE—but cannot CURE—  
Who seek its portal, hoping CURE thereat  
ARE "gulls and b..." and deserve their fate !

